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A Trip to Portsmouth 1822

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A Trip to Portsmouth:

OR,

THE WIFE'S ELECTION.

A NEW FARCE OF ONE ACT.

As it is now Acted, at the new PLAY HOUSE in Portsmouth, by His Grace the Duke of RICHMOND's Servants.

Acted by the QUEEN's Servants.

Written in Portsmouth, by ESSEX WALLER, *Gent.*

GOSPORT:

Printed and Sold by JAMES PHILPOTT, in Middle Street. 1710.

Reprinted by F. MARSHALL, Kenton Street, Brunswick Square.

1822.

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THE PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Waller.

CONTINUAL hubbub, and the noise of plot,
Idle suspicions of he knows not what,
The Pope, the Devil, and the *French*, some years,
Have *Wigg* enslav'd to jealousies and fears,
Who's safe (he crys) while such designs there are?
And, what is more perplexing, can't tell where.
Say what you will, we will secure our home,
Be all in readiness at beat of drum;
Who knows how soon the K—— of France may come?
Train-bands, each night, you'd split to see the Farce,
(Like rattle-snakes, with bandaliers at ar—,
Ty'd to long swords, and drest in greasie buff,
Majestick porters) through the City huff:
While Leader, fore-horse like, the pageant makes,
With formal strut, and gaudy tossel shakes,
In this brave pomp they walk to rendezvouze,
And there from nine till six securely bouze;
In damn'd Mundungus, and as nasty Nantz,
They curse the Pope, and huff the K—— of *France*:
Let but poor whore about their quarters budge,
Whom cruel stars do force till ten to trudge;
Strait brustling *Mirmidon* cries, who comes there?
Stand, or I'll fire; or stir a foot that dare;
Raises the rest, (for such alarms are common,
Two hundred men to sieze on one poor woman;)
Why here so late? (cries Leader) on what score?
What are you? I'm a woman. You're a whore;
And fellow buff-coats, a suspicious one,
For aught I know, the Whore of *Babylon*;
As you say, Captain, it may be Pope *Joan*.
Such feats as these, our mighty dons of war
Perform, to shew the world how much they dare,
Believe me, *Wig*, thou'dst better far neglect
The plots abroad, and those at home inspect.
Were it well known to each contented sot,
What's done at home, how *Jacky* was begot;
He'd be more jealous of his wife than th' plot.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR RICHARD LOVECHURCH, *just arrived at Portsmouth, to assist at the Election*	Mr. THOMAS.
CAPTAIN FREELOVE, *in love with Sir Richard's Lady*	Mr. WALLER.
LADY ISABELLA, *Sir Richard's Wife*.....	Mrs. MARIS.
HARKWELL, *her Waiting-Woman*	Mrs. BAXTER.
HUMPHREY, *Sir Richard's Butler*	Mr. HARPER.
JEMMY, *Servant to the Captain*	Mr. DYER.

Scene—*Portsmouth*—the Street.

A TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH;

OR,

The Wife's Election.

SCENE—*Portsmouth—the Street.*

Enter HUMPHREY *and* JEMMY, *meeting.*

Jem. My old friend Humphrey! I joy in the happiness of this encounter.

Hump. Ha! honest Jemmy, welcome home again: how long hast thou been return'd?

Jem. About eight days since, we came to an anchor at Spithead. My Captain is now on shore, at Betty's Coffee-House, where he order'd me to come to him, as soon as I had dispatch'd about some forty how-d'yees he sent me with.

Hump. You may spare your pains: the Captain is not at Betty's at present; he is posted to a better advantage, and affords thee and I a little time to drink together.

Jem. Ah, rogue, I understand thee; old kindnesses cannot be forgot. I suppose thy Lady is in town, and Sir Richard is out of the way.

Hump. Thou hast nick'd the chops o' th' channel; my master is very earnest in using his interest at the Election for chusing of Members of Parliament, whilst my Lady is employing her thoughts in the setting up of other members; and whatever my master may do, I dare wager my Lady carries her election. As soon as Sir Richard, my Lady, and the Captain met, I soon perceiv'd what each particular person aim'd at. My master invited yours to sup with him, and stay on shore to-night at our quarters, in order to hunt to-morrow morning with him and Justice Lovesport, who keeps a park of beaggles here, which the Captain

readily consented to; Sir Richard took leave, till supper-time, and hasten'd to the parties they call High Church and Low; and the Captain and my Lady adjourn'd into the garden, to consult farther upon their matters. Prithee, let us take one hearty glass together, and I'll tell thee more.

Jem. And now thou talk'st of parties, High and Low, which dost thou think will carry it?

Hump. Faith, to speak my mind freely, Jemmy, the old forty-one peal is ready to ring all in: the Whig Party are very powerful and politick, and have found out an art of dividing the loyal party of the Church into High and Low Church, cunningly insinuating and infusing into the weaker sort of noddles, strange notions of they know not what, nor when; and have drawn over those they call the Low Party to join with 'em, against the High, as they term 'em, calling 'em your High-Flyers, Jacobites, and Papists. Strange whims, Jemmy! Nay, they talk of plots, the French King, intelligence, correspondence, the Pope, the Devil, tyranny, slavery, false doctrine, popery, and ten thousand times more; protesting, 'tis true, 'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis all at our doors, nay is their way in 'em, and when once quite in, never to be got out. Dreadful time! And the best jest is, those they call the Low Party believe it, and joyn the blood-thirsty Whigs, who laugh in their sleeves to see their mischief work, and wait but the opportunity of setting the two parties together by the ears, while they fall on and destroy 'em both.

Jem. Very true.

Hump. 'Tis plain: did not a certain place in the North, call'd Wigland, where Presbitary is nourished, the very spring and fountain-head of the Whigs, send for t'other day, and encourage a Popish descent? And yet they give out, 'tis the High Party which seeks to bring in Popery, slavery, the Devil, and the Turk. Faith, friend Jemmy, these things don't look with the face of well-meaning or true brethren.

Jem. Prithee, friend Humphrey, leave these affairs for wiser pates to settle, and let us step to the Roe-Buck, and drink a health to the prosperity of that Church, without mass or covenant; then another to my master and thy lady, who e'er this time are debating about other matters.

Hump. With all my heart. Come, to the Roe-Buck! There's a decanter of humming liquor: away to the Roe-Buck!

(Scene changes to a Garden.)

Enter CAPTAIN *and the* LADY ISABELLA.

Capt. Will you yet consider, Madam, how much a wounded heart may suffer?

Lady. Still the old business! Indeed, Captain, you are much to blame; but, I forgive you, upon condition you will promise to solicit this unwelcome cause no more.

Capt. 'Tis my desire; I take no pleasure in a tedious pilgrimage: if you instruct a nearer way, 'tis in your power to save your ears the trouble of my pleading; if but with one soft breath or smile you give consent, you make my life your slave for ever.

Lady. You plead in vain; for, if I could (forgetting my honour and my modesty) yield to your wild desires, 'twere impossible we should ever meet, more than in thought or shadow, my husband's so jealous.

Capt. That word assures me of victory: I never yet heard any woman accuse her husband of jealousy, or cold neglect, but she had a confirm'd thought to cuckold him: it is but justice, Madam, to reward him for his suspicious thoughts.

Lady. Do you think it fit to punish his suspicion, yet persuade, to act the sin he fears?

Capt. Custom and nature make it less offence in women to commit the deed of pleasure, than men to doubt their charities: the one flowing from poison'd natures, the other excus'd by frailties; yet, I have heard, the way to cure the fear has been the deed; at truth the scruple vanishes. I speak not this with a thought to suffer any rude tongue to sully your white name; for, he that dares traduce you, must first believe me dead; for my fame join'd with your honour, must not have pity on the accuser's blood.

Lady. It is no wonder, sir, if, arm'd with so much eloquence, you o'ercome a weak woman. I blush to say I love you, I fear too much; and promise, if I ere consent to give from my husband one happy moment, it shall be yours. Yet, what am I doing? I wish you would release what your sweet charms have won from my tongue.

Capt. Make me not so miserable, after so great a blessing; it is upon honourable terms, since not upon the first attempt, but after a tedious siege to your fair self, you give up what should enrich us both. It were a crime never to be forgiven, to fear or doubt you could retract what both our lips have

seal'd, and lose a happiness so near and so secure. Your husband holds his pleasure constant to hunt in the morning; by some stratagem, I'll feign myself not capable of riding; and whilst he pursues the timorous hare, Cupid will wait to conduct me to Elizium, in thy dear arms, where ev'ry kiss will new create us.

Lady. You must be wise in your excuse to quit his importunities.

Capt. Leave that to me: I were unworthy the name of him that lov'd you, to lose my glorious hopes for want of such a thin device as to prevent suspicion. Oh, I'm impatient till the happy minute that must crown our bliss, in which we'll make new laws to love, teach time new action, or chain him with the cordage of his own hair, like a tame thing, to wake and watch our wishes, and be our pleasure's centinel.

Lady. 'Twill not be proper to hold longer conference; my husband is near returning; I'll in, and wait his coming. [*Exit.*

Capt. One kiss, my life, and then, adieu.—The sun, whose busy eye is employ'd a spy upon our actions, tir'd with waiting, is drowsie gone to bed; about whose pillow night has spread her sable wings, and set up tapers, as if the day were timerous like a child, and must have light to sleep by. Welcome all the hours that govern pleasure; but be slow when you have blest my wishes: time and love shall dwell like two twins. Make this your bower, and charm the air to sweetness and to silence. Favour me but now, and you shall change your state: time shall be old no more: I will contract with destiny (if he will spare his wings) to give him youth and beauty, that we may find ev'ry minute a fresh child of pleasure. Love shall be proud to be no more a boy, but grow up to perfect strength, and hold consistance; for, when two active lovers meet, so happy as we, whose equal flames do light embraces, 'twill be no weight to number many years in our delights; and think all age a blessing. But language is too narrow to express what I expect: I'll away, and wait the happy minute.—So, now am I sailing to my Indian coast,

And see the happy land too, how my sails
Spread forth to catch the gentle, prosperous gales!
The dancing waves, as pleas'd at my success,
Glide swiftly on, to crown my happiness.
Oh, frown not, Jove, nor envy my design,
Possessing her, earth's greatest bliss is mine. [*Exit.*

[*Scene changes to a Chamber—Lady in bed—Sir Richard putting on his boots—Harkwell standing by with a light.*

Lady. Prithee, love, go not yet; 'tis scarce midnight.

Sir Rich. You must excuse me, dear; I hope to kill a brace of hares before you think 'tis day.—Harkwell, go to the Captain's chamber; tell him, the morning grows old, and I am ready.

Hark. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Lady. I wonder, my love, what pleasure you have in leaving me in a morning thus, before day, exposing yourself to the rawness of the air. Indeed, 'tis not well; but any excuse to go and leave me.

Sir Rich. You may lye and take your ease in bed; I would not lose the sweet diversion I have in view, for more than I can speak.

Enter HARKWELL, *in surprise.*

Hark. Oh, Sir! yonder's the Captain almost dead with a fit of the stone! He groans so, it made my heart pant to hear him: he's in a raging fevour, and is not able to turn in his bed.

Sir Rich. 'Tis very unlucky.—Harkwell, attend on him, and let him have anything he wants, that may do him good.—Look it be done, hussie. I'll away without him.—Wife, good morrow: I'll not lose my sport. [*Exit.*

Hark. Nor my Lady her's, when you are gone; she expects another sort of hunt is up, or I miss my aim. [*Aside.*

Lady. Now must I trust thee in a business, in which a greater concern than life itself is at stake.

Hark. You need not doubt me, madam; and, to assure you of my faith, I have a boon to beg of your ladyship, which if you grant, (were there no other tie upon me,) will bind me to everlasting silence.

Lady. Anything within my power to grant, ask, and be assured to obtain it.

Hark. Ananias Cantmonger, the zealous guide and leader of the purer flock, of the good old cause, is grievously overtaken in the flesh, and having endeavoured to apply a carnal remedy, by making tryal of my vertue, and meeting with a disappointment, is inclining (provided I have money) to make me a sanctified sister of the upright, by making me his lawful yokemate: he is rich, and will make a necessary tool of husband to raise my decay'd fortune,

which (through the misfortunes of my family, your ladyship knows) wants such a timely aid to repair it, and may be easily accomplish'd, if your ladyship will but vouchsafe to lend me your assistance, and some jewels, which shall be restor'd faithfully again.

Lady. I that dare trust my honour with thee, shall not suspect thy faith in any treasure else. Go tell the Captain I expect him here; and, dear Harkwell, draw the curtains close, to hide my blushes whilst I receive him: I tremble to think what I have promis'd.

Hark. Tremble to meet a lover, madam? You are more timerous than a bashful virgin.—And now she talks of trembling, she sets my mouth a watering: if I were to be hang'd, I must listen when they are together. Ah, this is the timerous world of flesh and blood.

[*Exit with the light.*

Enter SIR RICHARD.

Lady. Alas! why do you thus seek my ruin? Retire, for heaven's sake! My husband is not gone; I hear his voice: his rashness will undo my fame for ever, should he return.

Sir Rich. I am thunder-struck! What do I hear? Retire for heaven's sake! My husband is not gone! I heard his voice! This rashness will undo my fame for ever! What in the name of patience can this mean? 'Twas my wife's voice, and this is her chamber! I am all confusion! I'll listen farther.

Lady. (discovers 'tis Sir Richard.) Ha! 'tis my husband return'd indeed! I have undone myself! Unlucky chance! And yet, 'tis well the Captain was not here. Now all that's woman in me, assist me.

Sir Rich. My fears increase! sure she can't have any body with her! Death and the last day! I know not what to think! Where are you, my dear? Who do you talk to, or take me for! Ha! sure she can't be asleep so soon! Or do I dream? The more I think, I grow the more amazed! Here's nobody with her, as I find.—Madam!

Lady. Nay, kill him, kill him, love.—*(she counterfeits dreaming)*—Can you believe I ever could consent to love—*(Sir Richard starts back)*—a Blackamore!

Sir Rich. Stranger still! In the name of Lucifer, what riddle's this?

Lady. Help! Help! Murder! Help, dear husband! Strangle him in one of my lutestrings! Do anything to save me!

Sir Rich. What the devil's all this? Lutestrings and strangling! Why! What! Or must I strangle? If she be asleep, she never us'd to talk thus before in't: she has had some hiddious dream.—Who wouldst thou have me strangle, wife?

Lady. The Emperour of Maccaw.

Sir Rich. The Emperour of—Maccaw! Who the devil's he?—'Tis so: she dreams. What strange chimeras we fancy in our sleep! I had best wake her—Wife! Love!

Lady. Oh! Help! Murder! Murder!

Sir Rich. Prithee, my love, wake!

Lady. Bless me! What's that?

Sir Rich. 'Tis I, my dear.

Lady. My love! My husband! Oh, Sir Richard, you have sav'd me from such a dream: I tremble but to think of it!

Sir Rich. I must confess, I was in as great a fright as you, at first.

Re-enter HARKWELL, *who seeing* SIR RICHARD, *starts.*

Hark. Ha! Sir Richard return'd! What a scrape's here! If he had found the Captain here——What shall I say!

Sir Rich. What, art thou frighted too?

Hark. Frighted, quotha! Oh, Madam, the key, the key of your closet! quickly! quickly! I must have some cordial water! The Captain is so bad, I fear his fit will kill him.

Sir Rich. Alas, poor gentleman! Make haste and carry it; I'll to him myself, and try to comfort him.

Hark. I may chance to prevent you. [*Aside. Exit Harkwell.*

Lady. Pray, stay, my dear; you shan't go, till I have recover'd my fright, and told you my dream.

Sir Rich. Anything to please thee, my dear; let me hear it.

Lady. Methought one of the Indian kings that went on board t'other day was in love with me; and having by flatt'ring courtship drawn me into a chamber, by consent, or force, resolv'd to injoy me: I knew not how to prevent his barbarous purpose, but told him, I heard my husband's voice, and bad him, if he lov'd his life, to retire; thou wouldst (my dear) revenge my injur'd honour; but he pursuing still his brutish design, I call'd out for help; when straight you enter'd the chamber, but having nere a sword, I beg'd you to strangle him in one of my lutestrings: at which, methought he shot an arrow at me, and if thou hadst not woke me, I should that minute have dy'd with the fright.

Sir Rich. All my fears are over, and I am calm again. Well, I am glad I came in to thy rescue.

Lady. But, dear, you left me with a design to hunt this morning; what has prevented you?

Sir Rich. 'Tis not past twelve o'clock, and the morning dark and cloudy.

Enter HARKWELL.

Hark. The Captain is better than he was, and is trying to rest, having had no sleep all night.

Sir Rich. Then I'll not disturb him: I'll but dispatch some orders to my man, which I forgot, and return to bed. [*Exit.*

Lady. I had almost undone myself, by mistaking Sir Richard for the Captain, but overreach'd him, by pretending to be in a dream.

Hark. But, Madam, what shall I say to the Captain? He's almost in a fevour indeed, with fretting at the disappointment.

Lady. Go tell him I have a stratagem to delude my husband, and will ere morning visit him in his own chamber.

Hark. Dear Madam, how is it possible you can do it without being suspected?

Lady. Away, before Sir Richard return. When I set the wheel a moving, do thou help to turn it.

Hark. I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll play my part.—This news will be five pieces more in my way. [*Aside. Exit.*

Lady. Now, Love, if it be thy pleasure, aid me but this once, and I am happy. Be but propitious now, ye kind stars, and lend a beam of your all-pow'rful influence to crown my wishes, and all future hours of my life shall be spent in praise of your condescension. I hear my husband coming: now to my task.

(The Scene changes to a Room.)

Enter HARKWELL, *with a Candle.*

Hark. So far all's well: the Captain's transported with my message, and has promis'd me a new gown. Hark! My Lady has set the design on foot, and I must second her. That's my cue of entrance. I can but think how we shall trick Sir Richard! Well, in my conscience, the devil is a great friend to we women, who set our thoughts upon men; he does so furnish us with quaint inventions! Now is my Lady taken with a violent pain of the tooth-ake,

and counterfeits to the life, which I'll warrant she pretends is owing to her being disturb'd so early, and cold she has got, being overheat with the fright. Well, I must in, and help to carry it on; for nothing can be done till I come. [*Exit.*

(Scene changes to the Chamber.)

SIR RICHARD *in bed, his* LADY *sitting by, in a night-gown.*

Lady. Oh—oh—oh!—Who's there?

Enter HARKWELL.

Hark. 'Tis I, Madam: I heard you groan, and had not the heart to go to bed. Shall I watch by you?

Lady. Oh—No: get you to bed, and take away the light; 'tis offensive. Oh—oh!

[*Harkwell puts out the candle, pretends to go out and lock the door, but steals back.*

Sir Rich. My dear, be patient till morning, and I'll send for the tooth-drawer.

Hark. Perhaps it may be drawn before, and save the trouble. [*Aside.*

Lady. Oh—oh!

Sir Rich. Which tooth is it?

Hark. The sweet one, to be sure. [*Aside.*

Lady. Oh--oh——

Sir Rich. Well, they are happy who have no teeth.

Lady. Oh——Now it shoots all over my head.

Sir Rich. I'm sure thy noise makes my head ake.

Hark. She may do something presently to make it ake worse, if he knew all. [*Aside.*

Lady. Oh!——Well, I must walk about; I am not able to rest in one place.

Hark. Not till she be in the right place, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Sir Rich. You'll take more cold, my love.

Lady. Dear Sir Richard, don't cross me; I am in pain enough already: pray let me have my will.

Sir Rich. Prethee, take it then, if 'twill do thee any good.

Hark. Ay, more good than he imagines: I'm sure 'twou'd me, were I to be in her place. [*Aside.*

Lady. Oh—oh——

Sir Rich. Prethee, come to bed; prethee, be persuaded.

Lady. Oh—oh——Your noise makes it worse: if you did but know what a torment 'tis to speak to you, you would

not put me to all this pain. Well, I am resolv'd, say what you will, I'll not answer you one word more.—Now, Harkwell, play thy part. [*Exit Lady.*

Hark. I'll warrant you, Madam.—Oh—oh—oh——

Sir Rich. Well, I now perceive 'tis possible for a woman's tooth to be troublesome as her tongue.

Hark. Oh—oh—oh——

Sir Rich. And yet I can but pity her.—Prethee, come to bed, my love.

Hark. Oh—oh!—If my master, touch'd with so much pity, should rise and force me to bed to him, I must not cry out a rape; 'twill be but fornication in my own defence. Oh—oh——

Sir Rich. Come to bed, or I'll rise and fetch thee.

Hark. Maw—ah—oh—oh——

Sir Rich. A convocation of cats at a witches up sitting is harmonious to this. I'll put my head under the pillow, to avoid the noise.

Hark. Oh—oh!—This is a kind of purgatory for the sins of the flesh. Ha! I hope he's gone to sleep. (*goes forward.*) My Lady and the Captain are happy by this time. I long to know what they are doing: if she shou'd fall asleep with the Captain! 'Tis impossible I shou'd hold out till morning. That which wou'd fright away an ague in another, has put me into a feaver.—What shall I do? She stays long! I shall have the tooth-ake in good earnest with couuterfeiting. There's a trembling all over—she'll stay too long!—Well, I cannot forbear any longer: if I dye for't, I must go and listen what they are doing. But how if my master shou'd wake and miss me! Then all's ruin'd!—Come what will, I must steal and take a peep. Oh, this curiosity is the devil. [*Exit.*

(*The Scene changes to the* CAPTAIN'S *Chamber—he lying on the bed asleep in his gown—paper and ink, and a candle on the table.*

Enter LADY ISABELLA, *in her night-gown.*

Lady. Sir! Where are you?—Ha! asleep! Can any dulness, which is not death, possess any man so violent in desires, when he expected to meet a mistress? How I blush to wake him!—Ha! I feel a sudden change within me! Base man! Was I not worth thy waking thoughts? Farewell: I'll never see thee more!—(*is going*)—Yet, stay; something like a chain, that's fasten'd to my poor

heart, pulls me back, and will not let me stir. Let me but 'scape this once, and I'll nere attempt the like again. Thoughts crowd in apace, and leave me in a maze which way to take. Oh, aid me virtue, and recall my wand'ring steps!—Ha! now I begin to see the danger, and do resolve to retreat in time.—Ha! ink and paper! I'll leave him a short monument of his shame and my neglect: he knows my hand—(*she writes*)—There is a blessing shot into my soul. May the rest of my days be such, as heaven may repent this bounty.—Farewell, forgetful man! *Exit.*

(*He wakes.*)

Capt. Ha! What, have I slept? Some witchcraft did betray my eyes to so much dulness! Yet, my dream was full of raptures:—Methought I saw a thousand Cupids fly from above, and lighting here, made this their scene of revels; when strait within a cloud, form'd like a throne, she to whom love had consecrate this night, my mistress, did descend, and coming towards me, my soul that ever wakes, enrag'd to find my body made a prisoner, and so mock'd, shook off the chains of sleep, least I should lose eternal pleasures for a dream. 'Tis happy: I'll not trust myself with ease and silence, but walk and watch her coming. She stays long—she sent me word I should expect her.—Ha! what's here?—(*sees the paper*)—This character was not visible before.—(*Reads*)

> " Here lies a lover so compos'd of phlegm,
> " He poorly lost his mistress for a dream!"—

'Tis her hand! 'Sdeath! she has been here! Oh, I could curse my stars!—Here's more—(*reads*)—" Cease to pursue me any farther; for when ere I give consent to wrong my marriage-bed, I'll cease to live. Farewell: see me no more."—Oh, fatal! Oh, I could tear my flesh, pull out these eyes, that shut up my senses in so dark a cloud! She came, and finding me asleep, scorn'd to uncharm my dull and cursed silence. Oh, stupid sot! Have I so long sought for this hour, and having obtain'd what my ambitious soul could wish, (her consent) and when the tree itself bow'd down its golden fruit, and tempted me to gather, must I make myself uncapable, and be guilty of so base a forfeit! This hour has blasted such a hope, as the earth before nere teem'd with. Oh, I could dissolve with cursing of my lethargie!· How shall I ever dare to look upon her face,

whose love and bold adventure I have thus rewarded? No penance can expiate my crime. My soul relents, and now I see the folly of a headstrong passion.

Oh, too, too charming fair, my soul with thine
Is chang'd; I feel th' inspiring fame divine!
So waring winds, in heav'n's vast fields engage
Alike their forces, and alike their rage;
Whilst virtue calmly mounts her glorious throne,
Restores her subjects' peace, and guards her own.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. Baxter.

Our author, fearing too severe a doom,
With more than usual hast forsook the room,
And sent me here to stand his dreaded fate,
Hoping my pleading may prove fortunate.
Faith, he's mistaken; women seldom find
Their suing, but refusing, makes you kind.
This I dare answer on our author's side,
Your pardon, more than praise, would be his pride.
This is his first attempt; then pardon it,
And let his will to please make you forget
Those faults, which want of learning may have wrought,
Since to divert alone was all he sought.
The hint once giv'n, he with eager haste,
In one day's space, prepar'd this poor repast;
If you are pleas'd, he bids you welcome to't,
You have it freely, and his thanks to boot.

FINIS.

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